

The Raving

(Instrumentation Systems)

Once within my research meeting, while my thoughts were weak
and fleeting,

Over many a quaint and familiar host of forgotten lore -
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As from my advisor rapping, rapping at my vision's door -
"Tis some revenant," I sputtered, "tapping at my vision's door -
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each musing's dying demur wrought its part into my snore.
Eagerly I wished the ending; - vainly I had tried mind bending
From my psyche pulling, rending - rending of my thoughts galore -
To that rare and radiant moment when this meeting be no more -
Endless here for evermore.

Presently the noise grew stronger: hesitating then no longer
"Sir," said I, "I am pained, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But you caught me lightly napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping to dissolve my bore,
That I scarce was sure I heard you - now my eyes are wide once
more;

No need there is to shout and roar."

Returning to the world around, speaking no longer any sound;
Pensive, and receptive to instructions given twice before.

He towered before me glaring, moving not and stiffly staring,
Uttered words no longer sparing, shaking me unto my core, -
"Your assignment measures knowledge that you've taken into
your core -

It's that simple, and no more."

"Out in Utah there's a lake, its elevation you need to take;
Fluctuating with sporadic rainfall events that came before -
Digital data sent through space from such remote a place
Removed, distant from the base; location of our laboratory door
Power consumption must be small, far from our laboratory door;

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Save that power evermore!
"Transmit data every fortnight, when request it, as you might;
From past diurnal events; use computer, I implore,
Show how to do this thing; block diagram, specs, and everything;
Written solution you need to bring, bring to my office door
In seven days at noon without excuse bring to my office door –
Or it's up a creek without an oar."

As I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the prof whose fiery words now burned into my very core,
This and more I sat divining, with my head no more reclining
Fully aware of my new assignment to be brought to his office
door.
How I loathed that unkempt office with the hard wood office
door

The sign attached says: Nevermore